THE

Baiting of the TYGER:

OR,

A true Relation of a bloody Rencounter that lately happen'd between a foreign Cat, and four great Engliſh Dogs, at the Cockpit Royal near St. *James*'s Park, in the preſence of ſeveral Dukes, Lords, Knights, Ladies, Squires, and Cits: Together with a particular Relation how the firſt Dog was ſlain, and the reſt dangerouſly wounded. Set forth in a piece of Doggrel, for the benefit and ſatisfaction of the Publick.

I Have read of Bull Fights,
Rencounters of Knights,
  Dog-fighting, and ſuch ſport as that:
I have ſeen Dogs and Bears
Together by th' Ears,
  And a Rabble a worrying a Cat.

I have hear'd much of Don,
And of *Sancho* his Man,
  Of *Bevis*, of *Guy*, and *Orlando*;
How St. *George* ſlew the Dragon,
An Exploit we ſtill brag on,
  And from ruin deliver'd the Land O.

I have ſeen a fierce Beau,
That has made a fine ſhow,
  Undergoing a ſharp Baſtinado:
Seen a Squire in a Muff,
Endure Kick and Cuff,
  Without lugging out to make a-do.

But this is mere Tattle,
Compar'd to the Battle
  Between the great Dogs and the Tyger:
And had you been there,
You'd have ſaid, I dare ſwear,
  You ne'r ſaw a Cat of more vigor.

The firſt that came at him,
Had you ſeen how he ſcrat him,
  How he rak'd off his Skin and his Fur:
How he ſuck'd out his vital,
Oh! who can recite all,
  But muſt needs lament the poor Cur?

The ſecond indeed
Did better ſucceed,
  And gave him a ſnap on the Snout.
But yet for all that,
He'ad been ſlain by the Cat,
  Had the Battle been fairly fought out.

The third and the fourth,
Came ſcurvily off;
  But withal did bravely diſtinguiſh
Themſelves more fool hardy,
Than any ways tardy;
  In ſhort, the Dogs were true Engliſh.

The Sport was ſublime,
Too big for my Rhime,
  And who would think much of a Guinea
To ſee a Cat ſcratch and bite,
Houl, grin, p--- and ſh---
  There's no Man, I'm ſure, but a Ninny.

I appeal to the Ladies,
To thoſe that now a-days
  Are neither quite vertuous nor common,
If they e'er ſaw a Brute
So fiercely diſpute,
  On his Back, the grand poſture of Woman?

Indeed for the ſquabble,
Between th' Gentry and Rabble,
  That was not ſo well I confeſs:
I'll tell you by th' by,
When 'twas you Lye, and you Lye,
  I wiſh'd my ſelf out of the Preſs.

To conclude, tho the Sport
Was the firſt of the ſort,
  'Twas damnable dear of a Guinea;
If a thing be but new,
Let what will enſue,
  Ye follow't as the Devil were in ye.

LONDON: Printed in the Year, 1699.

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